

THE BRIDAL GOWN

By Joseph Kevin Doyle

It all came about with some one of those who have made their name in the shoe-making business. It was a young man, a young man who had made his name in the shoe-making business. It was a young man, a young man who had made his name in the shoe-making business.

"I can give you nothing if you marry the girl," said the older one, glowering over his spectacles. "Had you put less silver into the man of the wolf and more into your father's coffers, you might have had enough by now to keep a wife. There is little in this country for you as it is."

"Faith, then, I'll quit it," said Dece, driving home a peg with the vicious clip. "I'll go to the woods, with a vigorous air."

"And leave your wife at home to cuddle her spindles," said the father, looking out with a little smirk through the window of squared panes and blinking his last for the nonce to dip a pinch of snuff. "Why do you want to marry now? You are too young. Can't you wait awhile? Wait until the spring, when the shanty men come down from the wild lands and there's lots to do. There is not more silver by now than will take us over winter. You'll starve! A marriage, necessarily! By the lady, you are too fish. It's your fate. That's what it is—the droll!"

"I don't care. I'll marry Jaquette in spite of you."

"I don't care," said Jaquette. "So brays the ass."

"So brays old crooked nose bandy legs, perhaps," said Dece, springing up with a jerk at his apron strings, and without another word he put on his coat and hat and went off in a huff to Le Loup, leaving his parent, who, alas, was a little vain of his bodily beauty, to witness under this harsh, un-fallid glare.

Whoever had gone, Caliste removed his spectacles very gravely and carefully and set his lips in a pucker, as if proffering a kiss, the chin slightly elevated, showing the long throat, with an admirable Adam's apple midway.

It was a characteristic pose, no doubt, inspiring among the guests a certain air of the village nickname by which he was known in their monde, "Old Kiss Me Never." Yet it was a very sweet pose and one much admired by elderly splinters and ambitious widows, for Caliste was an eligible, with only very slight signs of decay.

After he had pondered thus bitterly upon Dece's ingratitude for some time Caliste began to reflect upon the possible verity of the lady's words. True, an unfortunate accident of childhood had set his nose slightly awry, but regarding his legs he would not admit, even to himself, they were not the straightest and shapeliest limbs in the whole province of Quebec. This last was a most vile calumny.

The bench might have given them a slight inclination to the north, but he never noticed it. He tossed the last into a heap of its fellows, always an evidence of brilliant induction, and shook off some leather parings with a pleasant, coquettish gesture, as when a woman flicks her apron to affright children. A small shadow he heeded at his lips. Then he said aloud:

"Well, we shall see, mon enfant."

It shall not be said Caliste were precipitate. His very business had engendered circumspection and method in his bones. Whatever plans he had formed he would determine to carry out in the shadow of the rose.

late, taunted with world prophetic of future unhappiness through Dece's evil doings, was now regarded as a very fortunate girl in having succeeded in landing such a desirable catch. These things, coming to Dece's ears, gave him suddenly certain airs that were not overpleasing to his fiancée. His spies at Le Loup come more frequently. His manner toward Jaquette became openly ostentatious.

Meanwhile the father began to show an unusual interest in his daughter-in-law. Now he would hand her a rose—a fine, proud, nodding beauty—with a gesture and inclination of the head infinitely courtly. Occasionally he met her, by the merest accident, of course, and they walked and chatted through whole twilight. When he was leaving her, Caliste would kiss her up on the brow, as a prospective father-in-law might do.

In the eyes of the villagers the father's attentions seemed a most audacious thing. He was not an object of envy. The thing was overpowered by her. He was overpowered by her. He was overpowered by her.

By special request of Dece, who, contrary to every rustic precedent, disapproved of any meddling with the cur, granted a permission, not an uncommon one, that the banns of marriage be published from the altar but once instead of three times on successive Sundays. The marriage was to be performed on the Monday following the first and last publication of the banns. The last week came, and Jaquette brought the material for her bridal gown to Dame la Rue, the village modiste.

Concurrent with this event the modiste was called upon by Caliste.

Caliste la Rue was one of the few widows or spinsters in St. Pex, whom the gallant shoemaker had made not the slightest impression. She was a woman of strict business principles, setting much store by the illustrious dollar, entirely absorbed in bustling about without a thought of anything that was not to the profit of her business.

"Then—then you will agree?" he stammered.

"Agree? Agree to what, monsieur?"

"You—you will agree to take me instead of Dece. Has she not told you—the modiste?"

"I do not understand," the girl said, rubbing her eyes with perplexity.

Then Caliste made matters clearer in a fumbling, clumsy way, not at all as he had expected to do—how he should marry him instead of Dece, the gown was hers; if not—well, the other way.

"St. Verge, how lucky!" muttered the mother under her breath, then aloud: "Certainly she will, monsieur. Have no fear of that. Her father, who has his eye on the money, will have no quarrel with the other match. And I am willing. Yes, monsieur—making a courtesy to his fat pocketbook rather than to his person—with all my heart!"

"The thing set Jaquette into a kind of stupor of perplexity. The gown, the gown, the heavenly, lovely gown, seemed to rise above every other cry of her being. She could not part with that. No, no, no! Let come what might, that was hers forever. Love of angels, what a sight she would be before the admiring village folk like it had ever before been seen in the parish, the province, the world! After all, did she really love Dece? He had pinched her often with anger. What might he not do after they were married? Besides, he was drunk half the time, though he tried to hide his faults. "Come he won't half so handsome as my father, that dear, kindly man with such tender ways and not a gray hair either! What must the people say? Her heart chilled at this thought. But, then, did not every one know of Dece's miserable conduct? Ah, but the gown! The gown! She surveyed herself from head to foot, and then her heart flew up into her throat like a catapult, and, with a great gulp of a sob, she thrust herself into the arms of Caliste, who had suffered martyrdom during her meditations on the gown. "Ah, monsieur, know you will be kind and good to me!"

That evening Dece came to the cabin and was received well. Jaquette was not feeling very well. Dame Dion said he must wait until the morrow to see her.

"No, I must go to my bride," said he, attempting to force an entrance with much arrogance. "If she is sick, I'm the one should see her."

Jaquette's mother had but a crack of the door opened, and she closed it quickly, saying:

"Go away, Dece! You must not come inside tonight!"

So to Le Loup went Dece, much dejected, so much that he spent the night in a glorious sprole to drown his sorrow and was not at mass the next day when the banns were published.

Narrise, the carrier, met him after mass and striking him playfully upon the shoulder, said:

"So the old man broke your nose?"

"How? What's this?"

"He was called with Jaquette this morning by the cur."

"Was I not good? You have been seeing like an angel!"

But in a little while the village was humming like a hive with the news, and before the ceremony next day Dece was far on his way to the wild lands to join a company of lumbermen.

twisting up her flying hair. His keen eye saw what she had not noticed—that the treacherous snail, loosened by her hurried steps, had started to move down. One jarring moment, as she turned, she saw the rock slip, would crush her before she had time to move, she fell below, carrying the precious burden with it.

He must not startle her. He began to whistle, starting leisurely down the slope. His stiff lips almost refused to buckle to the old college refrain.

"It's a way we have at old Harvard," and his fingers shook as he felt for his class knife to cut the danger rope for a lasso.

"I don't care," Ella Spofford's pliant face was flushed, though she chafed with the rest over Martha's refusal. "After you, you don't want to be always under somebody else's order. And, besides," she added, "I want to get a snapshot of the lower falls from below Red dock, and Jack never lets me go where I want to. I want to have a good time and see everything. What are we in the Yellowstone park for, anyway?"

"To secure valuable information on geological strata," came in sonorous, didactic tones from the bowlder. "To obtain the latest views in snapshotting, that we may thereby be qualified to train our eyes how to shoot the 'shots of learning!'"

"Different Than?"

More than one of our contemporaries, seen in the distance, could stand rebuked by the editor of Notes and Queries for using the expression "different than." No one of course would dream of using it as between noun and noun—saying, for instance, "This is a different kind than the other." The question is whether it can be used as an adjective, for it may act in a wholly different manner than we do.

AN ORDINANCE.

To Regulate the Licensing of Shooting Galleries or other Temporary Establishments, Devices or Appliances for the test of skill or strength or for the Purpose of Amusement, in the Borough of Danville in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, and for other purposes.

BE IT ORDAINED AND ENACTED by the Town Council of the Borough of Danville in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania in Council assembled, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same: That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to open, display, exhibit or conduct any shooting gallery or other temporary establishment, device or appliance for the test of skill or strength, or for the purpose of amusement, within the limits of the Borough of Danville until a license therefor shall have been first obtained from the Chief Burgess of the said Borough and for which said license each person or persons shall pay a minimum charge of five dollar for the first ten days of such license, and no less than fifty cents nor more than one dollar per day for each and every day thereafter, at the discretion of the Chief Burgess.

SECTION 2. All fines, penalties and license fees imposed by any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be paid for, collected and recovered by any Justice of the Peace of the said Borough of Danville or by the Chief Burgess of Danville and penalties like amount for the violation of Borough Ordinances are now by law collectable and recoverable, and shall be paid over to the Treasurer of said Borough for the use of said Borough.

SECTION 3. All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent with or contrary to the provisions of this ordinance are hereby repealed.

WILLIAM G. PURSEL,
Chief Burgess.

HARRY B. PATTON,
Secretary of the Borough of Danville,
Council Chamber, May 15th, 1903.

COUNTRY OF GOOD ROADS.

The Highways of France as Seen by an American.

"One of the things that impressed me most while away was that in no matter where one may go in France he finds the very best of roads," said the Hon. William Flynn in an interview published in the Pittsburgh Times. "I had an excellent opportunity to observe that first while on my way from Paris to Aix-les-Bains. We made the journey of 425 miles in an automobile, taking the trip by easy stages and reaching Aix-les-Bains three days later. For miles and miles at a stretch these roads are on a straight line, and every foot of the way is found to be in the very best of condition. It seems that in France they are far ahead of our country in taking care of their roads."

OIL FOR DUSTY ROADS.

New Method of Re-Treating an Existing Road.

Leveling the dust with oil for a permanent road is the big project that has been undertaken by the Youngs Bay Stage company on the road that leads from the railroad's end at Raymond to the Seaside hotel, in the Youngs Bay, California.

MORE LIVES ARE SAVED

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Consumption, Coughs and Colds

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Neuritis, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and Croup. NO CURE, NO PAY.

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AND THE
Snag Proof
Rubber Boots

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AND
COAL

AT

344 Ferry Street

AT THE ROPE'S END

By Lillian C. Paschal

"Look out, girls! Don't go that way, here's the trail!" Rattlesnake Jack the big guide, handed each maid of his convoy over the rocks toward Inspiration point as if she were a Dresden china shepherdess and might break at any moment.

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OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned man who dressed up to serve on the jury?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who thought going to a circus was sinful?

DIZZY.

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR ALL COLORS

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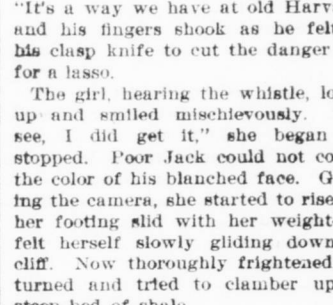
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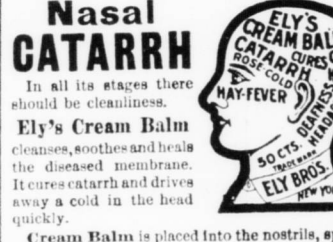
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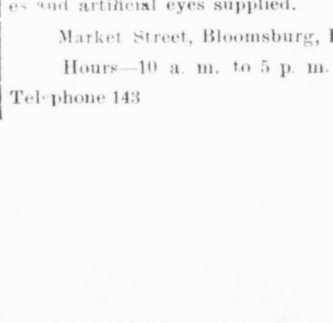
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Ely's Cream Balm
In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased, swollen and itching nasal membrane and relieves the most distressing symptoms of a cold in the head quickly.



Nasal Catarrh
In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased, swollen and itching nasal membrane and relieves the most distressing symptoms of a cold in the head quickly.

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